

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Original Novel.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE GRAVE.

"Chip, Chip—I say, come here, Chip." An Indian woman, tall and gray, sat on a wooden height in the midst of a narrow clearing. The grand hills enclosing one of the most enchanting valley spots in Pennsylvania, rose abruptly on every side, crowned to the summit with lofty trees. It was a wild, high solitude, untraversed by the foot of enterprise. The moss had crept up the trunks of the old oaks whose years had seen generations pass away, and here and there the red berries of the mountain-ash gleamed jewel-like through a more sombre foliage. Peak after peak, with clouds sailing grandly, like great ships freighted with dew, down their green channels, the mountains lifted their brows bare to the sun. Oh! what a glorious sight it was, to one standing here far above the level of common life, watching the crimsoned day departing. But not of this thought the wild, haggish woman, who, out of rude materials, and with rude implements, was carving what appeared to be a head-stone of a little grave. The clearing, with the exception of a narrow path opening down the hill to the westward, was heavily enclosed with oaks and maples. To the right was the mouth of a cave thick set with scrubby bushes, whose rocky projections covered with moss and furze, struck sharply out from the surrounding greenness. The woman was a picture in herself. She had an Indian face, furrowed with grief or passion. Her cheeks were hollow, giving an unnatural prominence to the bones under the eyes. Startlingly black the iris of her eye seemed sometimes swimming in fire, for the ball was crossed with red streaks. Her long, ebony locks were partly gathered up, partly falling upon her broad, gaunt shoulders. Her forehead was high, narrow, and seemed with many lines; her lips wore a fierceness in her compressed muscles that seemed ever ready to spring out and fasten upon an enemy; and just now she seemed to have fallen into a gerish mood peculiar to her whenever overcome by any strong emotion. Her dress was of some dark and stiff texture, very scant, badly made, and not quite cleanly. Her complexion was the swarthy, olive-cast of an Indian.

"Chip, Chip, I say," she cried again, suspending her work and bending towards the opening of the cave, "come here, child—better come back."

By this time, a child, with a face of unearthlyiteness, bleached by the absence of sun and heat, appeared at the aperture. Her neck was of thin tenacity that it looked like a reed, and her thin hands and arms were thin and almost unnaturally long. Her yellow hair was so extremely dry and free from moisture, that it hung about like spray goldened by the sun. Energy, presence, life itself seemed void in her diminutive face. She looked like a bulb dug up from earth before it has put out a single shoot of life. Her large, lack-luster eyes floated only in wide, hollow sockets, and her fine brows beautifully curved, lifted uneasily as the porous voice of the old woman ceased.

"Come here and see what I'm making," said latter, harshly, and the child drew near; "do see? it's a tombstone."

"A tombstone," repeated the child, mechanically; not with the eagerness of inquiry.

"Yes, a tombstone, and, you, poor little fool, you could read, you see your own name upon 'Chip Nobody,' aged eleven."

The child gave a most unchildish sigh, and looked steadily at the old woman, though the look was that of the somnambulist dreaming of real things.

"Now," said the old woman, garrulously, "I'm going to make believe you are dead and dead. I'm going to put you in that hole, see?" she pointed to a cavity she had made, "I was the receptacle of a queer looking bag full of bones—now, that's you," she added, in a wild laugh, "remember, you're dead, and to dust, and now I shall cover you up, up!" she exclaimed, stamping upon the little mound with a gesture almost of fury, "I've put you; put the mould of an accursed race in your bones, and there you lie; and he shall fit it howl, while you will be worse than ad." Then changing her manner she said, asking a look of fear—"there are the flaming eyes, run, Chip, run!" Before the words were fully uttered, the child fled with a shriek of terror that echoed among the hill-tops, and the woman, with a mocking laugh, bent down to the head-stone over the apparent grave, as done, she glanced about uneasily, muttering, "the storm is coming; the breath of the wind is warm close to the ground—the sky is per-colored where the sun is going down, theallows fly in among the tops of the trees in the leg—the white moon is in a ring; it will rain, b'low and destroy. I will set out on my way, or this young one will starve." So saying she stooped down to the aperture, entered, the bushes close and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

THE TAVERN KITCHEN.

A great pitch-pine fire roared upon the hearth, the shadows on the walls dance with a brilliant motion. It was an old-time tavern of the counterpart of which are seldom seen in some of the back settlements of Pennsylvania. All its smoky timbers and gigan-

tic beams blushed a tawny red, illuminated by the cheery fire; and the faces of sundry travellers seated around the great hearth-stone glowed in the rich light. Most of the men were farmers and teamsters from the neighboring towns on their way home; their countenances were indicative of cheerful tempers, but gross feeding and low intellectuality. Before them stood a small round table, plentifully garnished with mugs of home brewed beer, and flanked by a clay-colored brown pitcher nearly empty.—Without, the gusty wind ran shivering through the trees, hurling itself against the small-paneled casements, catching at shutters, and puffing occasionally down the broad-mouthed chimney, sending curling clouds of smoke before it. Now it moaned like an old man who sinks in the waters, struggling no longer; now its shrieks were shriller than the eagle's cry, and anon it sobbed like an infant in a troubled dream. It rained dimly, as it had rained all day, and the comfort-loving occupants of the old kitchen hugged themselves with pleasure as they thought of food, warmth, and their security from the tempest. The room was very low and the gleam of the fire, intercepted by the shaggy backwoodsman, did not reach the entire range, consequently the back part was in dim obscurity; but had one peered closely through the darkness, he would have seen the form of a boy, crouched in a low seat, and drowsing, for his head rested on his folded arms that he had gathered about his knees; he seemed coaxing himself to be warm and comfortable.

"I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN THAT HOLE, SEE!"

Again the men laughed out, and Mastina flew now, in now out of the circle at the fire, her red wavy showering on all sides, her stout, short arms flailing about like the crimson wings of an industrious flamingo. The table was soon set with substantial fare, and Nick had gone back to his old position. At the ringing of the bell for supper, two persons came from the little parlor—a young, slender youth, and a gaunt, pale Quaker fellow-traveller, yet strangers to each other. The latter had his long locks combed smoothly behind his ears, where they rested on the straight collar of his Quaker coat. If nobility of character, integrity of heart, and great resolution combined with a singular simplicity that was almost child-like, were ever delineated by one feature of the human face divine, they were mapped out by the broad, yet not prominent brow of the Quaker preacher. He was in reality an embodiment of his profession, plain, stern, quiet—yet his gravity was tempered with a sweet smile, and his voice was exceedingly beautiful.

Still fell the rain in torrents, and blew the wind with a tempest violence, but, just as the travellers had seated themselves at the table, there came a lull, and a soft, sweet sound like a lute, or a rich organ-note, was distinctly heard outside the old inn. The men looked at one another, and Mastina, with whom the sound appeared to be familiar, laughed a little, exclaiming,

"She's out earlier than us to-night."

"What does she mean?" asked the strippling, curiously, of an old farmer who sat near him.

"Why, the cave-child," replied the parrot-nose, helping himself enormously to dipped toast; "you see there's a mighty thick woods about two miles from here, mayhap you saw it coming along."

"Yes, I remember, a dismal-looking, swampy place it seemed to be, too, filled with scrubby undergrowth," replied the other, thoughtfully.

"And wasn't it there, or coming from that direction we saw that tall, dark woman?" he queried, turning to the Quaker.

"Yes, my friend," replied the preacher.

"Oh! did you see old mother Kurstegan?" asked Mastina, pausing in the act of filling a cup with coffee; "then, bad luck, she'll be here to-night, begging; I wish she'd keep away."

"Aye, but we'll have rare fun with her though—she'll tell all our fortunes, and give us plenty to think about for the next six months," exclaimed the teamster.

"Does she think that any but God can know the future, young man?" asked the Quaker, sternly."

The farmer stared, open mouthed, at this remarkable woman, and said nothing. The youth who had before spoken, pondered upon the mystery that had been hinted at by the man with the parrot nose. He was of that age when romance throws its weird spell over the imagination; when trees have tongues as well as brooks and stones, and every emerald bank of every running river is peopled with fairy-folk. With strange elfish intelligence in his eyes, the parish castaway, Nick, as he sat in his accustomed place, looked up between his hands, a singular smile lighting his honest but neglected face, whenever mother Kurstegan was mentioned—and then, after a low chuckle, he seemed to sleep again.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER.

"But what do they mean by the cave-child?" asked the young man, Park Dinsmore, turning to the Quaker preacher.

"It is my opinion that they know not themselves," replied the Quaker; "a child was stolen ten years ago from the city of Philadelphia, and died, they say, among these hills; some report that this Indian woman hath made away with her."

"Yes," said a stout Pennsylvania teamster, prefacing his speech with a nasal "hem," "you see in this country there's a powerful lot of wild land and Methodists. Just two miles south of there's a big swamp extending over a big lot of country, running, I think it is, just two miles."

"I've heard of running water, but I never heard of a running swamp," put in Mastina, gravely.

"Oh! you jest hush, gal, I reckon I kin tell my own story," replied the teamster.

"We all know you're a story-teller," reported



EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1871.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.



Mastina, who was not a servant, but a half-sister of the landlord, quickly replaced the well-cleaned table with finer linen and better fare, then drawing forward a seat she beckoned the stranger to partake, and poured out the tea, scanning his face with good-natured assurance.

"Now, I reckon you'll tell that story about the cave child," exclaimed one of the yeomen, lazily stretching his feet nearer the fire.

At this query the stranger betrayed a startled mien, dropping his spoon, and partly turning his head to listen with more intentness; but apparently controlling himself, he resumed his spoon, and with an abstracted manner discussed the viands placed before him, drank, or rather swallowed them at a gulp his cup of tea, his hand trembling as he placed it back—and then complaining of diminished appetite, he arose from

the table, and with a careless air and expression as he could assume, seated himself in the midst of the little company, just as the teamster was saying, "It's a mighty dismal place that part of the country, and there ain't but one pair of feet, I reckon, that knows the way to tramp to it."

Nick, who sat a little back in the gloom, looked up with a quick intelligence lighting his features, instinct with cunning, and making a rapid movement with his fingers, snapped them in the air.

"Who's them? why them's the feet of old Indian mother Kurstegan; hasn't she lived in the heat of that swamp for ten years? and didn't the child live there till she died?"

At this a deadly pallor settled over the stranger's face.

"What proof have you that the child died?" asked another.

"Why! old mother Kurstegan herself told me that she dug the grave with her own hands; besides, I've seen its ghost, which is always to be seen on moonlight nights—and the music—there!

"Masty, my good girl, what is there we have got?" he asked, turning pompously, still rubbing his hands, towards the full table.

"But let's know about the child," said another, for the old man had crossed his knee, and, nursing one heavy foot with his great, brawny hand, was looking musingly into the fire.

"Well," returned the first speaker, "I've heard she was a love-child, and I've heard she was born on the high seas in a pirate vessel; and I've heard worst stories than either about it, but I'll tell you. Did any of you ever hear that old mother Kurstegan was the widow of an English chap—a pretty high chap, too, in the English service?"

A general exclamation of surprise went round.

"Yes, she was that; for when she was an Indian girl in the forest, this young chap was taken by the Indians, and pined for to be shot or burned, and this young gal saved his life, consequence of which he carried her off to England, put her into school, gave her an education and married her. Well, I've heard he didn't treat her jest right, and didn't leave nothing to her or the child when he died; so you see the old woman had a hankering to come over here to her old home, and she became an Indian dress, and made a heap of money, so that she lived well, like folks, and had a house in Philadelphia, and give her young daughter book-learning. Well, that child wasn't but fourteen, but then she looked a regular woman grown, when there came along a handsome chap, such chaps the devil allows to be handsome, I suppose, and he persuades this gal to run off and pretend to get married; and then this gal goes back and begs her mother to forgive her. But it had crazed the old woman, along with her other troubles, and she cursed her, and struck her and driv her out of the house. Well, nothing more ain't heard of her—hark!"—a soft strain like the sound of an Aeolian harp, followed by contrast.

"This will do," murmured the stranger, surveying the matted floor, the wide fire-place, the quaint old chairs, and barbarous ornaments of cracked and broken china; "set down the lamp, boy, and hold this portmanteau, while I unlock it."

Nick did as he was told, looking wonderingly into the stranger's face while he performed the office required. The latter stood, his cloak half swaying from his stately figure, gazing absently at him; but as suddenly recollecting himself, he put the key to the lock, opened it, threw down the portmanteau, and commenced again the study of the boy's features.

"What is your name?" he asked at length, folding his arms over his chest.

"Nick, sir," said the boy, humbly.

"Well, and what else?"

"Nick Poor-house, they call me sometimes, sir; I have no other name."

"How old are you, Nick?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I don't know, sir; I wasn't there," replied the boy, innocently; "I guess nobody don't know; cause they say I was left there in a basket."

"Left where?"

"In the parish work-house, sir; that's where the master took me from."

The latch clicked sharply, and in came the fat, little host, with towels over his arms—sheer-brushes in his hands—while behind him moved the bustling figure of Mastina, bearing her portion as the weaker vessel, in the likeness of a great wooden pail full of water; and as the door closed upon them, a roar of wild laughter swelled up from the kitchen.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance—served in the city of Carries—or 4 cents a single number. The POST is believed to have a larger circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

"Oh! sir—I beg pardon; it was Mastin, sir, not myself, that observed it—you know, Mastin!" he asked, turning coward-like to the girl. "I would have a cold potted-pigeon now, or weal-pie? got 'em both."

"No, no, nothing at all, I thank you," said the guest, coldly, turning to the fire.

"Hope you'll be comfortable, sir—that's a nice arm-chair—costly concern afore it got worn out like—bought at auction—a bargain, sir, as well as a rict; used to be one of the old Pennsylvania Governors?" another of poor laughter echoed up from the kitchen. "Mastin, go down and tell 'em they'll disturb the gentleman," he added, as the girl having righted the chamber, was leaving the room.

"They don't trouble me; they don't disturb me at all," returned the other, impatiently, and evidently wistful for the departure of the garrulous landlord.

"Well, then, Mastin, no matter, Mastin; the gentleman isn't disturbed—reckon you'll sleep comfortable sir; travelled far?" he asked, his hand still on the latch.

"Some twenty miles, since noon," returned the other—"see that my horse is well rubbed down; and if the storm abates, call me early. What time, or on what day, does the stage go on to the next town?"

"Well, sir, these storms makes 'em perilous, sir, and not to be depended on; it may be here to-morrow, and it mayn't come till next week; it's very perilous indeed, sir, crossing these mountains in such a gale; I presume, sir, this is the equinoxions; come a little after it time." Then catching sight of Nick crouched up behind the fire place, he exclaimed, "look here, boy, seems to me you're making free on short acquaintance; come along, sir."

"No—I require his services;" said the stranger.

The obsequious little landlord bowed very low and went away slowly, putting his head in again to say that there was really a great deal of noise below stairs; "if the gentleman—"

"It don't signify," repeated the stranger, sternly, and the door was finally shut, and the landlord's steps heard retreating through the passage.

Throwing himself into the old arm-chair which had been wheeled up before the fire, the man sat for a few moments in a fit of abstraction, then turning, his eye fell again on Nick, who still sat doubled up in the position which had become habitual to him, and he called him to loosen or adjust some unimportant part of his toilet, which the boy awkwardly performed, and then stood awaiting further orders.

"So, you don't know anything about yourself?" repeated the man.

"No, sir, only here I be," said the boy with a quick intelligence.

"How long do these storms last in this part of the country? Put your hair back—so; now, took me in the face; how long did you say?"

"Sometimes two days or so, sometimes a week; then we have plenty of folks," repeated the boy.

"And does this old Indian witch" (the boy started and looked uneasily towards the door,) "usually travel about in the storm?"

The stranger had allowed his wide cloak to fall over the chair-back, and resting his head on one hand, sat like a king unbending from the cares of state.

"Yes, mother Kurstegan comes in the rain always; she never goes off other times, cause somebody'll maybe find her out."

"Did you?"—the stranger paused, and his eye grew full, and his brow flushed till the veins stood out, and then, after a very little pause, he ventured again—"did you ever see the little child they were speaking of?"

"Oh, yes, I used to, sometimes, till she died; you see, I got lost once, and was almost starved, when old mother Kurstegan found me and kept me ever so long."

"How did she look, my boy?"

"She was pale; she was a little mite of a thing," replied the boy; "me and old mother Kurstegan is the only one knows how to git through that place—dreadful ugly place—lots of snakes."

"Will you go there for me, my boy?"

Nick covered, and his face changed.

"I wouldn't dare!" he said, in frightened accents; "why she'd turn me into an owl or a wolf; she'd done that to folks many a time."

"Fool!" muttered the man. Then suddenly his mood changed, and in a harsh voice he said: "you'll go if I go with you. I'll give you gold; see here!" and he pulled out a handful of sovereigns, and rattled them before the eyes of the boy; "will you go for the money?"

"I didn't! indeed, I didn't! old mother Kurstegan is powerful wicked; she'd kill me to one," cried the boy; "I wouldn't go for all the money in the world!"

Louder and louder, vieng with the great gusts without, rolled up the shouts of laughter from the kitchen.

"Stop," said the stranger, as Nick was crouching back into his wonted position; "the old woman tells fortunes, don't she?"

"Yes, great ones," replied the boy; "they calls her a witch—I guess she be, too."

"Well, go down and say to her that a gentleman wants her to tell him his fortune; and show her this," and he thrust a gold piece into the boy's hand.

Nick departed with alacrity; he had felt a vague uneasiness in the presence of this man. The stranger was left alone with his own thoughts, which, to judge by the expression of his countenance, were none the pleasantest. Very cheerful looked the low, wainscoted chamber, with its brown, broad beams overhead, its scrupulously white half-curtains, its bearth mat made of bits of colored cloth, displaying yellow roses on red stems. Gloriously cheerful it was in contrast to the whirling storm that beat continuously against the windows.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKING A MAN DOWN.—When Bishop Horne took possession of the Episcopal Palace at Norwich in 1791, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed—"Bless us, bless us; what a multitude of people!" "Oh, my Lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last to see a man hung!"

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible; so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous in their behavior.—Dr. Thomas Fuller.

A VISIT TO THE STEAM FRIGATE MINNESOTA.

It is known, or it is not known, to the public that the editorial fraternity finds little time for recreation. We have before pathetically compared ourselves to Sterne's starling, who, as all the readers of "Tristram Shandy" will remember, was caged, and couldn't "get out." But on Thursday, May the twenty-eighth, 1857, in the forenoon—we are particular about the time, because it is an unusual occurrence—the cage-door was left open, and the starling escaped for four mortal hours into the secular spring sunshine. In other words, we took a recess, made up a party, and went to see the great war-steamer—the Minnesota—which is to carry Mr. Wm. B. Reed, our new Minister to China, to the distant shores of the world.

It was a gay gang of guides, philosophers and friends that visited the deck of that costly vessel that day. Central among them stood that majestic personage with whom the people have so intimate and mysterious a connection, who is strange to their eyes but familiar to their minds, as they read each week's paper—the Editor of the Post! A mild and venerable sage—his silver beard descending to his feet—the lines of thought and life upon his reverend visage—his deep eye laughter-stirred with merriment of kindly pride—and a broad-brimmed Panama hat shading his capacious brow—so steddy he like Lirando of the Snowy Beard in the Spanish story,

or, better still, like the aged philosopher Immanuel in *Rasselas*. Around him clustered a group of fair women and brave men—types of his numerous male and female subscribers. Prominent among them "might have been seen," as Mr. G. P. R. James and his imitators would say, the martial figure of an Officer of the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, resplendent in naankens and navy buttons, the pilot of the party, and the observed of all the feminine observers. To particularize further among the other members of that jocund caravan, would be invidious; and therefore we proceed at once to the main subject.

The tropical heat lay torridly in the Navy Yard, drawing up dense and pungent aromas of dry wood, of pitch and tar, and other balsamic smells. From those odors we sailed away over the weltering waters of the Delaware, our hearts keeping time to the regular roll of the oars in the rowlocks, till at last we saw "a great ship lifting its shining sides." Dark-hulled, three-masted, beautiful, wonderful, with all her intricate fair tracery of rigging, and her yards and spars, and huge central cylinder, boldly outlined against the soft, sunlit sky and clouds—there loomed the large Minnesota. She lay motionless, but swarming with life, in the broad, sultry, basking, weltering tides, with the soft and liberal sunshine all around her, and the great dome and ample circle of the sky about and above, and we felt that this great mass of naval architecture was part of the scene—harmonious with the water and the air. She was a wonder to behold—how much more so when her ponderous bulk is rushing through and crushing down the roaring brine, with the clank and snort of engines, and a plume of smoke trailing from the great funnel over the seething wave of livid foam that stretches away from her stern, and is pushed proudly from her cresting bows! Or think of her with all her canvas spread and bellying to the steaming wind, moving with a majestic motion, and tearing up the blue, undulating ocean into snowy froth and spume, as she goes! This is the art of the nineteenth century! The ancients built statues that only wanted speech, and temples that were silent forms of prayer. We build ships, triumphant and tremendous, that move with the pace of victory over the heaving deep, and are beautiful as the antique statues or the fables. Perhaps more beautiful; for what can compare, we sometimes ask, with the large, towering, august form of the stately and shapely vessel, as she moves with all her canvas spread aloft and low—moves through the blowing and shining day, or through the great sacred night of stars, in light, in darkness, or in storms—moves like an Amazonian goddess, calm and gigantic, over the everlasting sea!

THE NEW CENT.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among our contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGGAN, MRS. M. A. DENISON. THE AUTHOR OF "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT"; THE AUTHOR OF "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c. &c.

We are now engaged publishing the two following novelties, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novel, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON. Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL; A Romance of the War with Mexico, BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—all of which will also be illustrated weekly as they are published, with appropriate engravings:

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND. An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah, The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST. Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY. A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGGAN, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c. &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM ALL SOURCES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, VIEWS OF THE PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Drowned;" "Lenora;" "Song to May;" "The Prairie Horse."

INFORMATION WANTED.—Some "young men" in Wyoming, Nebraska Territory, propound the following questions—and want an answer:

"Is Alice Cary married or single? (I)—a resident of what State, and about what age? (I)?"

Perhaps Alice Cary will furnish these "young men" with the desired information.

S. Limetown. Respectfully declined.

SUBSCRIBER. Tallahasse. We have not time to examine the back numbers of our paper. Come, or send any one to our office, and our files are at your service.

A. Courtly. Good day. To succeed in a literary career, one must read, think, write, publish constantly and perseveringly, against all difficulties and discouragements. The commonest danger to literary eminence is vanity. The author must, of all men, cherish humility and practice self-inspection. Most young persons of talent are fatigued into futility and vacuity. The truest talent is austere, self-forgetful, careless of praise, and plucks its pen from the eagle's wing, not from the peacock's tail.

S. Governeur. We know of no such paper. If we hear of such a one, we will let you know.

A SUBSCRIBER. The "Courrier des Etats Unis" is probably one of the best French papers in this country. It is published in New York city.—Its price we do not know.

NELLY. New Carlisle. Respectfully declined. We think you will find it difficult to get compensation for your article.

WANDERER. Baltimore. Your letter was very pleasant to us, and we render our acknowledgments. The weekly article you mention we respectfully decline—our columns being too much occupied.—Better get your article to some other paper.

CHESTERFIELD THE YOUNGER will find all he wishes to know, in the work of Chesterfield the elder, which is still good authority on matters of etiquette, allowance being made for the difference of the times. Or, if he wants more modest authority, there is Col. Lunette's "American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion," published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, New York. Natural delicacy, kindness, unselfishness, and regard for the rights, feelings, and comforts of others, are, however, the all acquired formalities and niceeties of society, and they will be manifested in manner once beautiful and other. A man may observe all the rules of etiquette, and yet appear to be conceited, silly, or brutal, because his spirit is so. Let the motive and the heart be right; the manners then cannot fail to be otherwise.

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In other words, we took a recess, made up a party, and went to see the great war-steamer—the Minnesota—which is to carry Mr. Wm. B. Reed, our new Minister to China, to the distant shores of the world.

It was a gay gang of guides, philosophers and friends that visited the deck of that costly vessel that day.

Central among them stood that majestic personage with whom the people have so intimate and mysterious a connection, who is strange to their eyes but familiar to their minds, as they read each week's paper—the Editor of the Post!

Admirable as was the ship, we saw nothing while on board so admirable as the men—nothing so well worth looking at. The convention and the routine of the streets dropped from us as we gazed, and we felt that nothing in art or mechanism can please and satisfy the mind as a genuine human being. Nothing about this splendid vessel was so curious and interesting as the old sailor, with bare feet and grotesquely curled whiskers, who sat a stanch on a chest, adding up a row of figures on a sheet of paper. The ship, when seen, was seen; but what amount of obser-

vation could exhaust the variable aspect of the man, or arrive at the heart of his mystery? Endless too, was the interest one felt the picturesque, genuine, unstudied, unaffected garb and manners of the seamen. Etiquette and the parlor had not spoiled them. Their roughness and rudeness of life and speech were better than the conventional tameness and timidity, the pallid decency and bloodless decorum that we acquire in cities. Ground in this social mill, as Tennyson has it, we rub each other's angles down—

"And merge in social form and gloss,"
"The picturesque is man and man."

It is different in the robust and freer scenes of life. Sailors, backwoodsmen, farmers, stevedores, mechanics, and such people, satisfy the eye and the soul. The loftiest gentleman is admirable to us for the qualities he has in common with them—for nothing that society and education gave him—only for his inherent manhood, which is also theirs. Thus far in life, we have found our chiefest satisfaction in the common people; and it was with them that the Redeemer—whom the old poet, Thomas Dekker, so quaintly and so beautifully calls "the truest gentleman that ever breathed"—it was with them that Uncle chose to abide. Not among the "gentlemanly" Pharisees or the erudite Scribes, but among the unlettered fishermen—the coast sailors of Galilee—and the publicans and sinners of Jerusalem. He found his society. He found there what education and social life too often diminish or destroy—manhood and womanhood. Nothing is so beautiful, so interesting, so satisfying as these. Arts, acquirements, arguments, pall upon our sense, and tuis, manhood and womanhood never tire us. Character never makes us weary. We walk up and down the main street of this great city at promenade hour, when the street is gay with fashion and respectability; but how few figures we meet are as grateful to the eye as the sailors we saw on board the Minnesota—as the men and women we meet on the wharves, in the obscure quarters of the city, on the country roads, in farmhouses and rural places everywhere!

THE NEW CENT.

Our venerated Uncle Samuel has been for some time understood to have had his wits at work at the making of a new nickel cent, intended to take the place of the cumbersome and clumsy copper coin that has hitherto worn out our patience and our pockets, and formed, so to speak, our connecting link with that old Greek time when Lycurgus had all the money made of iron. Sooth to say, our Uncle Samuel's cent, now that it has at last appeared, does not do me much credit as it might. It is, to be sure, a great practical improvement on the old coin inasmuch as it is light in weight and convenient in size. Neither do we make a sharp point of the fact that it feels and sounds so unlike metal, that we cannot give it in change without a haunting sense that we have given a button—a consideration which may affect future Sunday droppings in the contribution box. Caesar's wife, said the dictator, must not only be virtuous, but must also seem virtuous; and in like manner we say that people may feel that their contributions to that box must not only be coin, but must also seem to be coin. The cents themselves must drop sound like money, and the light, button thud of this delusive nickel will never satisfy their ears, nor make them feel that they have been benefited either parish or pagans. Their charity must ring like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, and the consequence of this new complexion of the customary current coin they whilom gave, may be to force them to give silver where they gave copper before. Lightly we took of this, however; and all the criticisms we might make on this new cent, melt from our mind, and leave nothing but an accusation against the device that appears upon its surface. On the one side we have the inscription "one cent," surrounded by a nondescript wreath of various unknown vegetables, the names and qualities of which have excited the curiosity of the quid nuncs—those ferocious radicals who continually want to know, you know—and reduced the keenest intellects to despair. What plants are represented in this curious garland, must forever be a theme for inquiry and speculation. The use of language, said Tallyrand, is to conceal thought; and it is possible that this axiom was in the mind of the projector of the device on the new coin, at the time of its conception, and inspired him with the sublime and similar idea to so represent the vegetables in the wreath aforesaid, as to effectually keep from the curious public the knowledge of what vegetables were represented. If this was his idea, we can only say that it has been crowned with much complete success. The mystery may be safely declared impenetrable. But leaving the new

Paris Letter.

DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED—A LONG WATCH—THE ENLIGHTENED NINETEENTH CENTURY—SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THE ELOQUENCE OF FIGURES.

PARIS, May 14th, 1857.

The Grand Duke Constantine and the Prince of Wassen are still enjoying the splendid hospitality of the French Court. The brave and handsome General Totleben, who distinguished himself so highly at Siliestr, is here in attendance on the Grand Duke, and is the lion of the day. All sorts of stories are told of him, and among others, how he went, the other day, to make a visit in the Rue St. Honore, leaving a soldier—who served him as valet—at the door. "Stay there till I call you," were the General's laconic directions, as he went in. In a quarter of an hour the General got into the carriage of a friend, and drove off, forgetting the soldier-servant, who remained sitting on the curbstone before the house all the evening, and through the night, and who would probably have sat there until the present moment, had not the police, thinking his conduct suspicious, and being unable to get a word out of him, marched him off by main force, at two in the morning, and taken him to the lock-up. Fortunately, a Russian Count, who was at a ball near the police office, having learned that a countryman was in trouble, good-humoredly went to the police station to offer his aid as interpreter between the parties; and the poor fellow was at once set at liberty. Next morning he rushed into Totleben's room, flung himself on his knees, praying forgiveness for the breach of "duty" he had been forced to commit by the police.

"I forgive you this time," said the young General, "but take care how you ever venture again to stir from a spot where I have told you to wait till I call you."

So much for Russian passive obedience. The story reminds one of the sentinel that has kept guard for eighty-four years in a lonely spot of the Imperial Gardens at Larsk-Selo, because Catherine the Great, having seen a moss rose there which she wished to keep for her grandson, ordered a sentinel to be placed there to keep any unauthorized hand from plucking it. The Empress, having given the order, forgot the flower. The rose withered, and the bush itself died in the course of time. But no one thought of countermanding the watch; and accordingly, up to the present time, a sentinel paces, night and day, before the lonely bit of green turf, enclosed by a railing, where Catherine had said, nearly a century ago, "Place a sentinel at 500 paces from the Eastern pavilion."

Of the Grand Duke also, stories abound. It is said that when at Toulon, and hearing that an officer of the French marine was to be attached to his staff during his stay in France, he requested that Lieutenant Lavigne might be named to his end. This gentleman commanded an outfit near Perekop; one night, during a fog, he heard a suspicious noise, and went out to reconnoiter with a couple of followers. He had hardly advanced a dozen yards when he met a party of Russian troops advancing to take the post under cover of the fog. Lavigne shouted an alarm, which saved the post, but of course caused him to be at once taken prisoner by the Russians. The present Emperor and the Grand Duke were then in the Russian camp. Lavigne, as a marine officer, was treated with much attention by the latter, and frequently dined at his table. The young officer went to Nice, a fortnight ago, to visit the Grand Duke; and the latter testified his regard for the brave enemy of whom he had made a friend by requesting that this officer might be selected to accompany him in his excursions in France.

But if Constantine Romanoff can make a friend of a foe, as brave men have little difficulty in doing, he can also utter a keen word of reprimand upon occasion. In the dock-yard at Toulon is a large bell, brought from Sebastopol, and waiting to be hung up as a trophy in a church close by. This bell, by the care of the master of the navy-yard, had been covered with palliots before the Grand Duke's visit, in order that his eyes might not be vexed with a sight of it. The Grand Duke, who is kept fully informed of everything going on about him by the numerous suite of attendants who accompany him, knew all about this bell, and about its being covered up for his visit. So, when he was in the navy-yard, he expressed his wish to see it, and that in so positive and persistent a manner, that the dock-master length ordered it to be uncovered. The prince inspected the bell very carefully, and passed on without uttering a word. But, next morning, Admiral Peraud, who commanded the French fleet in the Baltic, was presented to the Grand Duke; and began a little speech by saying, "Prince, I am most happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance!" when Constantine interrupted him:—"My dear Admiral, don't stand upon ceremony with me! We are old acquaintances; you know I saw you every day for six months at Cronstadt."

The Czar is preparing for his visit to Poland, in anticipation of which a number of pardons have been granted to political prisoners. Ninety Lithuanians have been allowed to return to their homes; and twenty-five Siberian exiles have returned to Poland. Meantime, at Saar, in Moravia, an odd thing has come to pass. In old times no Jew was permitted to sleep in that town; so one who went there on business, were obliged to quit the town at sunset. In 1848, this prohibition was given up, Jews were allowed to sleep in the town, and before long some sixty Hebrew families took up their abode within its walls. The old law was disregarded, but not legally repealed; and the burgomaster has just taken it upon himself to enforce its observance anew, and has ordered the sixty Jewish families aforesaid to quit the town in fifteen days? And Prussia is the most carefully educated of all the countries blessed with the ministrations of the schoolmaster!"

While the Jews are thus annoyed by Christians in too many European countries, Jerusalem is threatened, according to the last advices, with a serious war through the violent dissensions that had broken out among the 12,000 Greek pilgrims assembled in that city.

The movement in favor of the union of the three Scandinavian countries (Denmark, Sweden, and Norway), under one crown, which is propagated with equal zeal in each, is gradually gaining adherents. It is only by such union, say its advocates, that the Scandinavian people can realize their due weight and importance among the brotherhood of nations. At a great banquet just given in Stockholm to M. Schiaven, Vice President of the Order of Burgesses, enthusiastic as were given to "Scandinavism." "The day," said a distinguished orator in his bottom,

speech on this occasion, "of peace and goodwill; offering its hand to all but especially to Germany, which must, sooner or later, adopt its creed. Germany," continued the speaker, "and the three northern kingdoms have to combat a common enemy; this combat, the grand struggle between Autocracy, and the Liberty of Legality, between darkness and light, will be fought, not on the shores of the Sound or of the Bosphorus, but on the fields of Germany."

The tendency of conquered nationalities to separate themselves from the country into which they have been violently incorporated, which constitutes so striking a characteristic of the present day, is probably destined to work out important results. The distinct recognition of ourselves as an individual, with the rights and duties appertaining to individual existence, is the first condition of anything like a true life for human beings, and for nations, which are but larger individuals. And much as we may deplore the egotism, the opposition of interests, and the political and practical complications thence resulting, it is perhaps a necessary step in the career of progress. When Italy, Hungary, Roumania, Poland, Scandinavia—all the various really distinct nationalities of Europe have arrived at a distinct national existence, and consequently at self-government, and the conditions of a distinct national career, there will then, for the first time, be a possibility of peace and active harmony in the world.

Unfortunately, that "time is not yet." Russia draws seven per cent of her population into her armies; and the other nations, as everybody knows, waste in like manner a large proportion of their people, not to speak of their revenues, which might be so much better expended in other ways.

The late assertions in the "Timos," of London, to the effect that the population is diminishing, and the size of the men also, in this country, has given rise to a deal of discussion on the subject. The inordinate abuse of tobacco, the dearness of food, and various other causes, are assigned for this fact; for such it is pretty generally admitted to be. But a fact not generally known, is the *proportional* decrease of population in all the countries of Europe, as results from the statistics collected by M. Moro de Jonnes, in his *Elements de la Statistique*. Thus, while, except in France and Spain, the population is actually on the increase, the *rate* at which it increases is constantly diminishing. This diminution is, in Germany, of 1-13th in 17 years; in Sweden, 1-19th in 61 years; in Russia, 1-8th in 30 years; in Spain, 1-6th in 30 years; in Denmark, nearly 1-4th in 82 years; in Prussia, 1-3rd in 132 years; in France, 1-3rd in 71 years; in England, 1-27th in 160 years. This indication of a general law in virtue of whose action the reproductive power of the human race will slacken as its numbers increase, may serve to allay the fears of those who imagine that a time must necessarily arrive when the world will be too small to contain its teeming inhabitants. Other indications, moreover, are not wanting to confirm this view; and physiologists now generally concur in anticipating the arrival of a period when the globe being sufficiently peopled—the number of births will only equal that of deaths.

QUANTUM.

EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST.

BY GILES FLETCHER.

He is a path, as any is missed;
He is a robe, if any ask'd be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, strong is he;
To dead men like he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

THE older Romans paid special honors to agriculture, as did the Jews. Their coin was stamped with symbols in connection therewith.—The Greeks refreshed the mouths of their ploughing oxen with wine. Charles the Ninth exempted from arrest for debt all persons engaged in the cultivation of the staple articles of agriculture.

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.—*Punch.*

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancying himself a centipede.

A MEDICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.—A medical man says that those shopping ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods clerks, without buying anything, ought to be called "counter-irritants."

An impudent fellow says:—"Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

It was not the magnificence of the Greek army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, their leader, that conquered the city of Troy, but ten years' perseverance.

Somebody has called childhood "a rosy lawn between the cradle and the school-house."

JOYFUL.—A little girl nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am *full* of happiness. I could not be any happier unless I could grow."

Steele said of a woman whom he admired "To have loved her was a liberal education."

A poet in the Boston Post, while celebrating in lofty verse the Inns of Chicago, finally concluded by saying that "Chicago is an immense city."

AN ATOMIC THEORY.—From the number of nobodies that are returned to Parliament, we are afraid that the next Session may already be characterized in the Palmeurian phrase, as "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms." So small are some of the atoms, that it is our belief the Queen will have to open Parliament with a microscope.—*London Punch.*

Each of us bears within himself a world unknown to his fellow beings, and each may relate of his history, resembling that of every one, yet like that of no one.

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are all of a character decidedly bad.

Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the official presence.

A NODE TO SPRING.

BY A ENDIGINT FARMER.

Well spring you cum at last, here you are!
The polly will your bins a slittin in Oh! Winter's
Lap;—now sint you ashamed of yourself!
I sposse the old felter he been a bousin you
I shold think he had from your broth
A hein so cold—but that's the way them
Old felters he a doin.

Well as I was salin,
You cum at last with your "hammy"
Birth a browns from the Northwest
Westcountry or Newbrary I sposse
I greate Kuntire for him, I rakin'

Now your cum was
Everybodys comin on Korn an things,
Hev al his feet out! Now hab al
Our Kritters, will ye?—Se our Kated
On the off, a hevin to be stedied by
Thair tales when they gits up a mornin?
Link at our horse wats all rejudic
To skittens a weepin over a troft;
A hull troft full of kites recklechuns.

Link at them shepe a llen in
The fens konurs a watten for gras;
Viss! an they bin a watten sum or
There for weex!—An ef they wasnt
Pulld theyd bin "shaking the lox
Ayan an sed 't dun it!" (That thair
Is from Han, won, won or Shakin a plate)
As another polly sez— "Graz dirf maks
The stank ake!"—so these sheepes wil
Never open their litto graz agin—No
Nor ever foder!

Now ink at them hoggs, as has bin
A follerin them Kated wat hev bin
Stoff on it!—Se em will ye a crepin
Round az if theys tetchet with Korn
Link at thair ewes all ye—biger than
Korn cubbit ful!

Yes! them sheeps
Ain them onto the fence to squele!
Link at them mity ears a hanging pendint
Onto sick little hoggs!—Se a hundid
Gud shonts rejiced it a even
Korn bushit ful!

Yes! that's all ye dools, U
Tardi lotterin Spring!—a hangin ink
Az you bin a doin!

YANKEE FIGHTING.

The Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier, just published in England, contain many passages interesting to Americans. We select a couple of paragraphs:

When at Bermuda, in 1813, with his regiment, Colonel Napier, writing to his mother, says:—"Two packets are due, and we fear they have been taken; for the Yankees swarm here, and when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove, they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused Cardon's sword, saying, 'Sir, you have used it so well, I should be ashamed to take it from you.' These Yankees, though so much abused, are really fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has just got the Macedonian; he was here a prisoner, and dined with me; he had taken one of our ships, but was himself captured by the Poictiers, seventy-four; being now in an English frigate, if he meets us we must take him, or we are no longer sovereigns of the ocean."

From Bermuda, Charles Napier sailed for America, and became engaged in some of the daring and disastrous operations carried on against the Americans by the Government over which King George III. exercised a despotic power. The bush method of warfare struck him as cowardly, and as for the system of loading cannon to the mouth with odds and ends of iron, it was his abhorrence: "Seven thousand men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force: still my opinion is, that if we fuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back we may thrash them; that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment; nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels, everything that will do mischief. On board a twenty-gun-ship that we took, I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Men delights to be killed according to the law of nations, and nothing is so pleasant and correct; but to be *doused* against all rule is quite offensive. We don't kick like gentlemen. A 24-pound shot in the stomach is fine; we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungentlely, and with the cholice."

Trade in INSECTS.—Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents, and shells which are most in demand.

The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is that of the trade of fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire fly it is very brilliant at night. The creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city bellers; some of them carry them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamplight.

How to TREAT AN APPLICANT FOR OFFICE.—Among others, a young man from the country recently waited upon Collector Austin, of Boston, and at once produced his petition for office. He was backed up by the leading Democrats of his vicinity as a firm Democrat, who had ever been faithful to his party, &c. He was received with much urbanity by the collector, who, upon glancing at the petition, grasped the young man by the hand, with the remark—

"My dear sir, I am rejoiced to perceive that you sustain Democratic principles. You are in the right path. Stick to the Democratic party."

"But," inquired the applicant, "how about the office?"

"As to that," replied the Collector, with a mysterious shake of the head, "I have nothing to say; but stick to the Democratic party."

And before the bewildered applicant gained his presence of mind, he was politely bowed from the official presence.

THE ROMANCE OF CRIME.

BY A ENDIGINT FARMER.

A late number of *Household Words*, gives the following account of what it styles, "A Few Pleasant French Gentlemen":

COGNARD.

In the time of the First Empire, among the forcats, or convicts, of the Bagne at Rochefort, was one named Cognard; a man of remarkable courage and decided good breeding. One day Cognard was missing. He had slipped his chains and flung away his bullet, and the guns of Rochefort thundered after him in vain. Cognard got safe away to Spain; and though the gardes choumours (the guards of the Bagne) twirled their moustaches and swore in royal style, the forcat was beyond their reach.

Cognard, as a gentleman travelling for pleasure, became acquainted with the family of the Count Pontis de Sainte Helene.

One by one, mysteriously and as if they were pursued by some relentless fate, every member of the Pontis family disappeared.

Sudden deaths and lingering deaths, nameless diseases and horrible accidents, cut them off one by one; the pleasant French gentleman who had so much to say on every subject, was soon rarely absent from the count's chateau. But, sorrow fell on the hospitable Spaniard.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JUNE 6, 1857.

THE MISER AND HIS SLIPPERS.

A PERSIAN STORY.

There lived in Bagdad, once upon a time—(we believe this is the approved method of commencing an Eastern story)—a merchant, named Abu Cassem Tamburi, celebrated for his penurious disposition. Although he was very rich, his clothes were little better than rags; his turban, formed of a piece of the coarsest linen, was so dirty that its original color could no longer be distinguished; but of his entire equipment, the slippers were the articles which in the highest degree merited the attention of the curious; the soles were armed with heavy nails, while the "uppers" were patched and repatched in every conceivable variety of pattern. Never had the famous Argo so many pieces; and during the ten years that they had been slippers, the most skillful shoemakers in Bagdad had exhausted their art in repairing, or endeavoring to repair, their manifold and various dilapidation. From these constant mendings, the slippers, as a natural consequence, had become so weighty that they had passed into a proverb, and when any one wanted to express something very heavy, "Cassem's slippers" were always the objects of comparison.

One day, while our merchant was promenading in the great bazaar of the city, he was informed that a poor perfumer having fallen into difficulties, had a small quantity of otar of roses which he was desirous of disposing of to keep himself and family from starvation. Abu Cassem, ever on the lookout for what he called a good bargain, hastened to profit by the poor man's misfortune, and purchased his otar from him at about half its value. This excellent affair had put him into a most amiable humor; but, instead of giving a sumptuous feast, according to the custom of the Eastern merchants when they have been successful in their negotiations, he thought he would treat himself to a bath instead, a luxury he had not enjoyed for a considerable time.

As he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends, or at least an individual who pretended to be such, (for misers seldom have friends), told him that his slippers rendered him the talk of the whole city, and that it was high time he bought himself a new pair. "I have been thinking of so doing for a length of time," replied Cassem, "but, after all, these are not yet quite past service." While thus conversing, he entered the bath.

It so happened, that while our miser was washing, the Cadi of Bagdad came also to bathe.—Cassem having left before the judge, proceeded to the outer cooling-room for the purpose of dressing; he resumed his clothes, one by one, but when it came to the slippers, they were nowhere to be found. A beautiful new pair being in the place of his own, our miser, persuaded, because he so desired it, that this was a present from the friend who had been so lately lecturing him on the subject of his pedal coverings, put his feet into the luxurious slippers, and issued forth from the bath full of joy.

When the Cadi had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain their master's slippers; they found but a vile, patched pair, which were at once recognized as the slippers of the merchant Cassem; the city guards were forthwith despatched in search of the delinquent, and soon returned leading in our friend Cassem, who was charged with the theft; the Cadi, after changing slippers with this prisoner, sent him to jail. In the East it is necessary to loose one's purse-strings to escape the claws of justice; and as Cassem passed in the world for being as rich as he was miserly, he did not get out for a trifle.

On his return home, Cassem, in a rage, cast his slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his windows; a few days afterwards, some fishermen, while engaged in their avocations, on drawing in their net, found it heavier than usual; on bringing it to land, they discovered within it the slippers of our friend Cassem, the heavy nails with which they were garnished having broken several of the meshes.

The fishermen, indignant against Cassem and his slippers, thought that they could not do better than throw them into his house through the open windows. The slippers, hurled with force, struck the phials of otar which were standing on the window-sill, and upset them; the bottles were broken, and the otar lost.

The grief of Cassem at the sight of this disaster may be imagined. "Cursed slippers!" cried he, tearing his beard, "you shall not cause me any more annoyance!" So saying, he seized a spade and proceeded to his garden to dig a hole for the purpose of burying his slippers.

One of his neighbors, who had for some time owed him a grudge, having perceived him moving the earth, ran forthwith to inform the Governor that Cassem had exhumed a treasure in his garden; this intelligence was quite sufficient to kindle the flame of cupidity in the breast of the Commandant. In vain did our miser protest that he had found no treasure, but that he was only digging a hole to bury his slippers; his story was laughed at; the Governor had reckoned on the money, and the afflicted Cassem only obtained his liberty on payment of a round sum.

Our merchant, driven to despair by these freaks of Fortune, proceeded to an aqueduct at some distance from the city, and cast his slippers once more into the water, accompanying the act by a malediction which need not be repeated—but the fickle jade, it would appear, had not yet tired of playing her tricks upon him, for chance so willed it that the slippers should be directed by the current directly into the mouth of the conduit pipe of the aqueduct, where they stuck fast, thus intercepting the supply of water to the city. The men employed on the water-works hastened to repair the damage. Sticking in the mouth of the pipe they discovered Cassem's slippers, which they forthwith brought to the Governor, declaring that it was this that had caused all the mischief.

The unfortunate proprietor of the slippers was again thrown into prison, and condemned to pay a fine heavier than the two others; but the Governor who had punished the misdeemer, magnanimously declaring that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to detain the property of another, faithfully restored to the merchant his precious slippers. Cassem, in order to deliver himself from all the evils which they had caused him, now resolved to burn them; but as they were completely soaked with the water they had absorbed during their residence in the aqueduct, he exposed them to the rays of the sun on the terrace of his house.

And here Fortune played our miser the unkindest trick of all. A neighbor's dog spied out the slippers as they lay in the sun; he jumped from his master's terrace to that of the merchant, seized one of the slippers in his mouth, and while playing with it, threw it over the parapet into the street; the fatal shoe fell directly on the head of a woman in a very delicate state



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT OFTEN IS.



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT ALWAYS MIGHT BE.

A HINT FOR TOWN GARDENS.

The object of the accompanying design is, to show by contrast what may be done by the exercise of a little taste in the ornamentation of a garden such as may be found attached to many of our suburban residences. Every traveller on a line of railway that is elevated above the ordinary level of the houses may have noticed the effect produced by carelessness and neglect in the management of a garden, as contrasted with that where taste, order and industry unite to form a scene of beauty, and a source of continued delight.

A love for the cultivation of flowers is one of the most healthy and cheerful pursuits that can be indulged in; it is not only pleasant to those engaged therein, but it adds an additional charm to the magic of Home.

In No. 2 is shown the same piece of ground differently managed. The centre contains two or three beds of flowers, whilst a narrow walk is carried round by the wall; on the top of the latter boxes of the same width should be placed, and made sufficiently deep to grow Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c.; whilst against the sides of the wall may be trained such plants and shrubs as are best suited for the situation. The wall, if previously white lime-washed, will contribute to the general effect by contrasting with the foliage; the washing at the same time will be conducive to the preservation of the plants by destroying the insects that so often infest shrubs.

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In No. 1 is represented the space intended doubtless by the builder for the garden; but which, in consequence of neglect or the carelessness of the occupant, has become a receptacle

of rubbish, dust, and the debris of the household,—unwholesome to those who are living in close contact with it, and unsightly to the neighbors on each side. The prospect is interrupted by the backs of a row of houses, built in the too common style of architecture, which seems to reveal in uninteresting monotony.

In No. 2 is shown the same piece of ground differently managed. The centre contains two or three beds of flowers, whilst a narrow walk is carried round by the wall; on the top of the latter boxes of the same width should be placed, and made sufficiently deep to grow Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c.; whilst against the sides of the wall may be trained such plants and shrubs as are best suited for the situation. The wall, if previously white lime-washed, will contribute to the general effect by contrasting with the foliage; the washing at the same time will be conducive to the preservation of the plants by destroying the insects that so often infest shrubs.

At the end of the garden should be raised a trellis-work, over which Ivy and Virginia Creeper could be trained. The Ivy would afford a luxuriant green during winter, and would also form a pleasing contrast during autumn with the crimson leaves of the Virginian Creeper. In front of the trellis may be erected a small alcove or summer-house. A vase or tazza of flowers will add considerably to the beauty. The arches represented should be placed in such a manner as, when viewed from the house, to give the greatest idea of space. These arches may be constructed of wood or iron—the latter is to be preferred on account of its gracefulness and greater durability: they may also be made of wire-work, specimens of which can be seen at the manufactory.

The cost of this floral decoration, deducting the value of the material, is but trifling; in fact, the whole might be constructed by an occupant possessing taste and energy.

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DAY DREAMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. P. TUCKER.

I have sweet dreams to-day,
Of a dear home that shall, sometime, be ours,
All nestled down among the trees and flowers
From scenes of life away.

I would not have it stand.
Where brick and mortar palaces are made,
And marble domes, fantastical array'd,
Seen wonderfully grand.

But in some quiet spot,
Where emerald valleys sleep between the hills,
Mild shady groves and gently murmuring rills,
There would I build our cot.

E'en now I seem to see
Its vine-wrapt porch, and unpretending walls,
Where the clear flooding summer sunlight falls,
All gloriously free!

Nor fancy resteth there;
wander through a garden green and neat,
And gather berries, dewy fresh and sweet,
To grace our table fair.

And then, with my own hands,
Arrange the chains on the cloth of white,
And watch the hissing tea-urn, polished bright,
That on the fender stands.

While toward the little gate
An anxious, oft-repeated glance is cast,
Until the approaching form is near at last,
Whose coming back I wait.

Oh, none but wedded hearts
Can know the pure, deep, inly-thrilling bliss
That a reunion, such an one as this,
Unto the soul imports!

I know that storms may rise,
Yet even this shall not disturb my dream,
For over all I see the blessed gleam,
The light of loving eyes.

Though all be dark without,
Have I not looked into the Future's glass?
And that these prophecies will come to pass,
I do not have a doubt.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CONTINUED STATEMENT OF THE PLOT OF "THE WAR-TRAIL" UP TO THE PRESENT ISSUE. In order to enable new subscribers to the Post, to go on with "The War-Trail" understandingly, we give the following brief summary of the previous chapters:

The scene opens on the plains of a small Mexican hamlet on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte, where a troop of American rangers, with their commander, the marauder of the sea, Captain Warfield, are on picket. While the Captain is musing on the singular character of the war with Mexico, then commenced, his attention is attracted by a young Mexican rider galloping by, who, when challenged, refused to rein up. Springing upon his horse, the Captain starts in pursuit, and after a hard chase gets into picket duty, and shoots the steel of the Mexican, when he discovers the latter to be a young and beautiful woman. A colony ensues, in which she is found to be Isolina de Vargas, the daughter of Don Ramon de Vargas, the wealthy owner of an adjacent hacienda. The colony is broken off by the approach of Rafael Ijura, a villainous Mexican, Isolina's cousin, and a son for her hand. The next day, Captain Warfield receives an order from the Adjutant General, commanding him to proceed with a small number of troops to the hills of Don Ramon de Vargas, and there find and drive to the American camp, 5,000 head of beavers. The beavers have been purchased from Don Ramon by secret contract, and in order to prevent any appearance of complicity, Captain Warfield has given the Adjutant General's warrant to Isolina to take them by force, and receive a private note of instruction to this effect from Don Ramon himself. This note he happens to lose in the courtyard of the hacienda, while executing his commission, and it falls into the hands of Ijura, thus placing Don Ramon at his (Ijura's) mercy. While in the court-yard, Warfield's Lieutenant, Hollingsworth, recognizes in Ijura the murderer of his brother, and a desperate encounter ensues, ending, however, in the escape of the Mexican. Afterwards, Warfield, desperately in love with Isolina, meets her at a ball, converses with her, and is roused to jealousy at seeing her subsequently in company with Ijura. The next morning, however, he receives a note from her containing a virtual avowal of her love for him, and a request that he should capture a wild stallion, known among hunters and trappers as the white steed of the prairies, and supposed to be a phantom horse. Warfield gets out on the mission with an exulting heart, finds the wild steed, and after a desperate run, comes up with it, and sees it vanish before his eyes on the open prairie. Presently he discovers that the steed is a white stallion, and that the white steed had disappeared, he made a hasty search in the prairie, leading down to a deep gash, and knows that by this route, the steed had escaped him. Lost on the prairie, he gets into a fight with a grizzly bear, kills his antagonist, half killed himself, and swoons away. In this sorry plight he is found by two old rangers, Bill Garey and "Old Rube," both trappers of the most graphic description, who had seen him chasing the white steed, recognized him, and having learned from a Mexican guide sent out by Isolina in search of him, that it was for her he was pursuing the steed, had followed him on his trail, fearing he might get lost, and only reached him after his fight with the bear. To his great satisfaction he finds that they have secured the white steed, which he sees picked up with their horses. Thus the object of his chase is won. Various exciting incidents of prairie-life, and finally the trio find in with a band of Mexican guerrillas, come out in pursuit of Warfield, and having among them the jealous and blood-thirsty Ijura. A proposition is made to the trappers to deliver up Warfield, which they scornfully refuse, and hold the Mexicans at bay. At length, these manage to gain a slight box-carried respite, at the foot of which they fortify themselves, still keeping the entire camp of Mexicans at a safe distance. Environs by their feet in front, and the steep rock rising behind them, they contrive, when the night falls, to scale the cliff, leaving their horses below. Once on the summit of the mesa, their purpose is to descend on the other side. Old Rube attempts the descent by a rope formed of their horses tied together, which breaks midway, and lets him fall to the ground. Unhurt, however, and undaunted by the reconnoitering Mexicans on the other side of the cliff, he escapes to the settlements to fetch on Warfield's rangers to the rescue. Garey and Warfield are left on the summit of the cliff, and at the commencement of the following chapter, Ijura and the Mexicans below have received a reinforcement of thirty men.

CHAPTER XL.

THE INDIAN SPY.

It was past the hour of midnight. The lightning, that for some time had appeared only at long intervals, now ceased altogether. Its fulminant glow gave place to a softer, steadier light, for the moon had arisen, and was climbing up the eastern sky. Cumulus clouds still hung in the heavens, slowly floating across the canopy; but their masses were detached, and the azure firmament was visible through the spaces between. The beautiful planet Venus, and here and there a solitary star, twinkled in these blue voids, or leaped through the filmy bordering of the londa; but the chiefs of the constellations alone were visible. The moon's disc was clear and well defined, whiter from contrast with the dark annulus; and her beam frosted the prairie till the grass looked hoar. There was neither mist nor mirage; the electric fluid had purged the atmosphere of its gases, and the air was cool, limpid, & bracing. Though the moon had passed the full, so brilliant was her beam, that an object could have been distinguished far off upon the plain, whose silvery level extended on all sides.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIANGULAR FIGHT.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the cloud moved away; and then, to my surprise, I saw a clump of horses—not horsemen—upon the prairie and scarcely half a mile distant from the mesa! Not one of them was mounted, and to all appearance, it was a drove of wild-horses that had galloped up during the interval of darkness, and were now standing silent and motionless.



ISOLINA IN THE GLADE.

to the horizon. The thick black clouds, however, moving silently over the sky, occasioned long intervals of eclipse, during which the prairie, as before, was shrouded in sombre darkness.

Up to this time, Garey and I had remained by the head of the little gorge, through which we had ascended. The moon was behind us, for the guerrilla was on the western side of the mesa. The shadow of the mound was thrown far out upon the plain, and just beyond its well-defined edge was the line of sentinels, thickly posted. On our knees among the low shrubbery, we were unseen by them, while we commanded a perfect view of the whole troop, as they smoked, chattered, shouted, and sang—for they gave such tokens of their jovial humor.

After quietly watching them for some time Garey left me to take a turn round the summit, and reconnoiter the opposite or eastern side. In that direction lay the rancheria; and if the picket was still stationed there, we might soon expect the rescue. My rangers were not the men to tarry, called forth on such a purpose; and, under Rube's guidance, they would be most likely to make their approach by the rear of the mound, Garey, therefore, went in that direction to make his reconnaissance.

He had not parted from me more than a minute, when a dark object out upon the plain attracted my glance. I fancied it was the figure of a man; it was prostrate and flattened against the ground, just as Old Rube had appeared when making his escape! Surely it was not he? I had but an indistinct view of it, for it was full six hundred yards from the mesa, and directly beyond the line of the guerrilleros. Just then a cloud crossing the moon's disc, shrouded the plain, and the dark object was no more visible.

I kept my eyes fixed on the spot, and waited for the returning light. When the cloud passed, the figure was no longer where I had at first noticed it; but nearer to the horsemen I perceived the same object, and in the same attitude as before: It was now within less than two hundred yards of the Mexican line, but a bunch of tufted grass appeared to shelter it from the eyes of the guerrilleros, none of them gave any sign that it was perceived by them. From my elevated position, the grass did not conceal it. I had a clear view of the figure, and was certain it was the body of a man, and still more, of a naked man, for it glistened under the sheen of the moonlight, as only a naked body would have done.

Up to this time I had fancied, or rather *feared*, it might be Rube, I say feared—for I had no wish to see Rube, upon his return, present himself in that fashion. Surely he would not come back alone? And why should he be thus playing the spy, since he already knew the exact position of our enemy?

The apparition puzzled me, and I was for a while in doubt. But the naked body reassured me. It could not be Rube. The skin was of a dark hue, but so was that of the old trapper. Though born white, the sun, dirt, gunpowder, and grease, with the smoke of many a prairie-fire, had altered Rube's complexion to the true copper-tint; and in point of color, he had but little advantage over a full-blood Indian. But Rube would not have been naked; he never doffed his buckskins. Besides, the oily glitter of that body was not Rube's; his "hide" would not have shone so under the moonlight. No; the prostrate form was not his.

Another cloud cast new shadows; and while these continued, I saw no more of the skulking figure. As the moon again shone forth, I perceived that it was gone from behind the tuft of grass. I scanned the ground in the immediate neighborhood. It was not to be seen; but looking further out, I could just distinguish the figure of a man, bent forward and rapidly gliding away. I followed it with my eyes until it disappeared in the distance, as though it had melted into the moonlight.

While gazing over the distant plain in the direction whence the figure had retreated, I was startled at beholding, not one, but many forms dimly outlined upon the prairie edge. "Was it Rube?" thought I; "and yonder are the rangers!"

I strained my eyes to their utmost. They were horsemen beyond a doubt; but to my astonishment, instead of being close together, one followed another in single file, until a long line was traced against the sky like the links of a gigantic chain. Except in the narrow dell, or the forest path, my rangers never rode in that fashion. It could not be them!

At this crisis, a new thought came into my mind. More than once in my life had I witnessed a spectacle similar to that now under my eyes—more than once had I looked upon it with dread. That serried line was an old acquaintance; it was a band of Indian warriors on their midnight march—upon the war-trail!

The actions of the spy were explained; he was an Indian runner. The party to whom he belonged was about to approach the mesa—perhaps with the design of encamping there—he had been sent forward to reconnoiter the ground.

What effect his tale would have, I could not guess. I could see that the horsemen were halted—perhaps awaiting the return of their messenger. They were too distant to be seen by the Mexicans; and the minute after, they were also invisible to my eyes upon the darkly shadowed prairie.

Before communicating with Garey, I resolved to wait for another gleam of moonlight, so that I might have a more distinct story to tell.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIANGULAR FIGHT.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the cloud moved away; and then, to my surprise, I saw a clump of horses—not horsemen—upon the prairie and scarcely half a mile distant from the mesa! Not one of them was mounted, and to all appearance, it was a drove of wild-horses that had galloped up during the interval of darkness, and were now standing silent and motionless.

without those, we had no difficulty in comprehending all. The Indians were a band of Comanches, as their war-cry had already made known to us. Their arrival on the ground at that moment was purely accidental, so far as we or the Mexicans were concerned; it was a war-party, and upon the intention of reliving a rich Mexican town on the other side of the Rio Grande, some twenty leagues from the rancheria. Their spy had discovered the horsemen by the mess, and made them out to be Mexicans—a fact which the lordly Comanche holds in supreme contempt. Not so contemptible in his eyes are Mexican horses, silver-studded saddles, spangled stirrups, mangas of fine cloth, bell buttoned breeches, arms and accoutrements; and it was to sweep this paraphehama that the attack had been made; though hereditary hatred

all hope. The greaser who guided you out, brought back word that two trappers had gone after you. From his description, I know that queer old case Rube, and was satisfied that if anything remained of you, he was the man to find it."

"Thanks, my friend! you have acted well; your discreet conduct will save me a world of mortification."

"No other news?" I inquired after a pause.

"No," said Wheatley; "none worth telling."

"Yes?" he continued, suddenly recollecting himself, "there is a bit. You remember those hang-dog greasers that used to loaf about the village when we first came? Well, they're gone, by thunder! every mother's son of them cleaned out from the place, and not a grease-spot left of them. You may walk through the whole settlement without seeing a Mexican, except the old men and the women. I asked the alcalde where they had cleared to; but the old chap only shook his head, and drawled out his eternal 'Quien sabe?' Of course they're off to join some band of guerrillas. By thunder! when I think of it, I wouldn't wonder if they were among that lot we've just scattered. Sure as shootin', they are! I saw Hollingsworth examine the five dead ones as we rode off. He'll know them, I guess, and can tell us if any of our old acquaintances are among them."

Knowing more of this matter than Wheatley himself, I enlightened him as to the guerrillas and their leader.

"Thought so, by thunder! Rafael Ijura! No wonder Hollingsworth was so keen to start—in such a hurry to reach the mound, he forgot to tell me who we were after. Dence take it! what fools we've been to let these fellows slide. We should have strung up every man of them when we first reached the place—we should, by thunder!"

For some minutes, we rode on in silence. Twenty times a question was upon my lips, but I refrained from putting it, in hopes that Wheatley might have something more to tell me—something of more interest than aught he had yet communicated.

Fortunately for the Mexican town, the savages, thus checked, abandoned their design, and returned to their mountain fastnesses, sadly

of the Spanish race—old as the Conquest—and revenge for more recent wrongs, were of themselves sufficient motives to have impelled the Indians to their hostile attempt. All this we learned from one of their braves, who remained upon the ground, and who, upon closer examination, turned out to be a ci-devant Mexican captive, now completely Indianized!

The rest of the affair was still of easier explanation. From the opposite direction, and scarcely three hundred yards distant, appeared a band of horsemen coming up at a gallop. They were right in the moon's eye, and we could see glancing arms, and hear loud voices. All at once a cry arose from the guerrilla—short, quick, and despairing—the voice of some new consternation; at the same moment, the whole troop were seen to pull up.

We looked for the cause of this extraordinary conduct; our eyes and ears both guided to the explanation. From the opposite direction, and scarcely three hundred yards distant, appeared a band of horsemen coming up at a gallop. They were right in the moon's eye, and we could see glancing arms, and hear loud voices. All at once a cry arose from the guerrilla—short, quick, and despairing—the voice of some new consternation; at the same moment, the whole troop were seen to pull up.

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that one and all of them knew why I had gone upon the wild hunt, and I dreaded their good-humored satire. I would have given something at that moment to have rendered the steed invisible—to have been able to transport him to his destination, *Venus-like*, under cover of a cloud. I thought of waiting for the friendly shelter of night.

Just then, however, an incident occurred which gave me the very opportunity I wanted—a scene so ludicrous, that the steed was no longer the cynosure of admiring eyes. The hero of this scene was Elijah Quackenboss.

Of all the men in my band, "Dutch Lige" was the worst clad. Not that there was less money expended upon his outward man; but partly from his ungainly form, and loose, untidy habits, and more, perhaps, from the wear and tear caused by his botanizing excursions, a suit of broadcloth did not keep sound upon him for a week. He was habitual in tatters.

The skirmish of the night had been profitable to Lige; it was his true aim that had brought down one of the five guerrilleros. In his assertion, his comrades had laughed at it as an idle vaunt; but Quackenboss proved his assertion to be correct by picking his bullet out of the man's body, and holding it up before their eyes. The peculiar bore of his rifle rendered the bullet easy of identification, and all agreed that Lige had shot him.

By the laws of ranger-war, the spoils of this particular individual became the property of Quackenboss; and the result was, that he had shaken off his tattered rags, and now appeared in the plaza in full Mexican costume—comprising calzoneros and calzoncillos, sash and serape, jacket and glazed hat, both with gigantic spurs, —in short, a complete set of ranchero habilments!

Never was such a pair of legs incased in Mexican velveteens—never were two such arms thrust into the sleeves of an embroidered *jagada*; and so odd was the *costo* ensemble of the ranger thus attired, that his appearance in the plaza was hailed by a loud burst of laughter, both from his comrades and the natives who stood around. Even the gloomy Indians showed their white teeth, and joined in the general chorus.

But this was not the end. Among other spoils, Lige had made capture of a Comanche mustang; and as his own war-horse had been for a long time on the decline, this afforded him an excellent opportunity for a remount. Some duty of the day had called him forth, and he now appeared in the plaza leading the mustang, to which he had transferred his own saddle and bridle. A fine, handsome horse it appeared. More than one of his companions envied him this splendid prize.

The laughter had scarcely subsided, when the order was given to mount; and with others, Quackenboss sprang to his horse. But his hips were hardly snug in the saddle, when the wicked Comanche "humped" his back, and entered upon a round of kicking which seemed to exhibit every pose and attitude of equestrian exercise. First his hind feet, then his fore ones, then all together, could be seen glancing in the air. Now a hoof whizzed past the ear of the affrighted rider, now a set of teeth threatened his thighs, while every moment he appeared in danger of being hurled with violence to the earth. The sombrero had long since parted from his head, and the rifle from his hand; and with the flapping of the wide trowsers, the waving of the loose serape, the dancing of the steel scabbard, the distracted motion of the rider's arms, his lank streaming hair and look of terror—all combined to form a spectacle sufficiently ludicrous; and the whole crowd was convulsed with laughter, and the plaza rang with shouts of "Bravo!" "Well done, Lige!" "Hooray for you, old beesswax!"

But what surprised his comrades, was the fact that Quackenboss still kept his seat. It was well known that he was the worst rider in the troop; yet despite all the doubling and flinging of the mustang, that had now lasted for several minutes, he was still safe in the saddle. He was winning golden opinions upon the strength of his splendid horsemanship! The rangers were being astonished.

All at once, however, this mystery was explained, and the cause of his firm seat discovered. One of the bystanders, sharper than the rest, had chanced to look under the belly of the mustang, and the next moment shouted out.

"Hoy! look yonder! by Geehorum, his spurs are clinched!"

All eyes were lowered, and a fresh peal of laughter broke forth from the crowd as they perceived that this was in reality the case.

Lige, upon mounting—under the suspicion that the mustang was disposed for a fling—had clutched firmly with his legs, and these, on account of their extreme length, completely enveloped the body of the animal, so that his heels met underneath. He had forgotten his new spurs, the rowels of which, six inches in diameter, irritated the mustang, and were no doubt the cause of such violent kicking. After a few turns, had got "locked," and of course held Quackenboss as firmly as he had been strapped to the saddle. But as the rowels were now buried in the ribs of the mustang, the fierce brute, maddened with the pain, only grew more furious at each fling, and it was natural enough he should do his utmost to rid himself of so cruel a rider.

How long he might have kept up the pitching frolic before his involuntary tormentor could have freed himself, is a matter of conjecture. It would have been an unfortunate "fix" to have been placed in, alone upon the prairies.

Lige, however, found a compassionate bystander, who, having flung his lasso around the neck of the mustang, brought the spectacle to a temporary conclusion.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LOVER ON THE TRAIL.

Taking advantage of the distraction caused by Quackenboss and his troubles, I despatched the black upon his interesting errand, and with no slight anxiety awaited the result.

From my position on the roof, I saw my messenger climb the hill, leading the proud steed, and saw them enter the great portal of the hacienda.

Promptly—almost directly—the groom came out again *without* the horse. The present had been accepted. So far well.

I counted the moments, till heavy footsteps were heard upon the escaleras, and a shining black rose over the roof.

There was no letter, no message beyond "mi gracia."

I felt a pang of chagrin. I had expected thanks more formal than this mere phrase of compliment.

My man appeared better satisfied. A gold earring gleamed in his purple palm—a handsome perquisite.

"By whom given?" I inquired.

"Golly, mass cap'n! Do handsomest quadroon gal dis nigga ever see giv it."

Beyond a doubt, Isolina herself was the donor!

I could have broken the rascal's thick skull but that the queenly douceur gave proof of the satisfaction with which my offering had been received. Even on this trivial circumstance, I built my hopes of yet receiving a fuller meed of thanks.

Absorbed in these hopes, I continued to pace the azotes alone. It was a *die de festa* in the rancheria. Bells had already commenced their clangor, and other notes of preparation fell upon the ear. The poblanos appeared in their gayest attire—the Indians in bright aguadas, with red and purple threads twisted in their black hair; the denizens of the ranchitos were pouring into the plaza, and processions were being formed by the church; *jarasas* were twanging their guitar-like music; and pyrotechnic machines were set up at the corners of the streets. Tinsel-covered saints were carried about on the shoulders of painted maskers; and there were *Pilate* and the *Centurion*, and the *Saviour*—a spectacle absurd and unnatural; and yet a spectacle that may be witnessed every week in a Mexican village, and which, with but slight variation, has been exhibited every week for three centuries!

I had no eyes for this disgusting fanfaronade of a degrading superstition. Sick of the sight, wearied with the sounds, I had given orders for my horse to be saddled, intending to ride forth and seek repose for my spirit amid the silent glades of the chapparal.

While waiting for my steed, an object came under my eyes that quickened the beatings of my pulse: my gaze had been long turned in one direction—upon the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas.

Just then, I saw emerging from its gate, and passing rapidly down the hill, a horse with a rider upon his back.

The snow-white color of this horse, and the scarlet manta of the rider, both contrasting with the green of the surrounding landscape, could not escape observation even at that distance, and my eyes at once caught the bright object. I hesitated not to form my conclusion. It was the white steed I saw; and the rider—the same who had once wings. One fine day they and their mates led the ant-hill, and flew up into the air. The ants—the workers, soldiers, and nurses—all followed them as far as they could, and as long as they remained in the neighborhood; and even after they had flown off, parties of scouts and guards scoured the country for them—miles round, waiting until one or more of the females should alight on the earth again; when, so soon as their feet touched the damp soil, their wings dropped off, and they were henceforth under the care and jealous homage of the colony. As the poor winged mates, their business in life was over. They might be entangled in spiders' webs, or fall into the ant lion's den, or be devoured by huge feathered monsters, or lie on the ground and die of hunger—not an ant of the whole hill would stir an antenna to console or give them a mouthful of food to support them. Their work was done; their day was over; their only business now was to die as quickly as might be, and rid the world of their woes. If the luckier spouse were to die, how different the treatment she would receive! Faithful attendants would lick and brush her lifeless corpse for days and days together; and it would be hard work to console them; impossible, indeed, if there were not others to whom they might transfer their allegiance, and their love. What is all this but a gynocracy which brings to our minds the devotion of the days of chivalry—Lancelot du Lac, and all the rest of them?

Again that lady and gentleman belonging to the White ants, carefully selected from a crowd of competitors, and kept by the community in the same kind of royal thrall as the wingless ladies of the Red—also, like them, surrounded by guards and courtiers, and also occupied with the cares of futurity—what are they but elective monarchs, reigning on strictly constitutional principles, under the control and surveillance of their faithful commons? Then the slave-taking expeditions—when an army of Amazon or Legionary ants march out to the encampments of the Negro ants, attack, carry, and sack them, and return to their own city laden with slaves in embryo—what is this but republicanism, according to the character of Lacedemon? Is not that the standing army, too, of some ants an institution anti-republican and I does not the violence and authority of command shown by individuals with more brains than the rest, to others less intelligent and more willful, hinge on the great law of rule individual or by caste, which is never found in simple democracies, and always accompanies monarchies and oligarchies? We admit that there are arguments on the other side as well, for tribes and species differ in their national peculiarities. A party of Germans, Italians, Englishmen, and Cherokees are not more different, one from the other, than are the turks and the wood-ants, the red ants and the white ants, the yellow ants and the negro ants, *cum multis aliis*. And though the rough draft of the various governments is much the same for all, yet there is a wide margin left for annotations and "amendments."

These circumstances, trivial as they might appear, produced within me a quick sense of pain. I felt as if hot steel was passing through my heart. I had ridden to my ruin—I had followed to be present at an assignation. Thus only could I explain the solitary ride, and by such difficult and devious paths; thus only could I account for the oft-repeated anxious glance, the ear acutely bent. Beyond a doubt, she was listening for the footstep of a lover!

The rein fell from my fingers. I sat irresolute—I scarcely breathed—my heart fell cold and pale—the birds mocked me—the parrots screeched his name—the *aras* in hoarse concert cried out "Ijura!"

The name nerve'd me, as blood knits the sinews of the tiger. Once more my fingers closed upon my bridle, my feet became firm in the stirrups, and heart and arm swelled to their full strength. "Twas but a light rapier that hung against my thigh—not matter; he might be no better weaponed; but even armed from head to heel, I feared him not. Three passions—hatred, jealousy, and revenge—supplied an arm of treble strength, and under the influence of these I felt bold and sure of conquest. Yes! I felt at that moment, as though I could have slain my hated rival with my naked hands.

I was no longer troubled with scruples of etiquette. No; this monster owed me satisfaction—life itself; he had striven to take mine; and now his should be forfeit to my vengeance.

At that spot—even in her presence—should he die, or I myself become the victim. The two of us should never go thence alive. "Oh, that may reach the ground while my blood is thus hot, and my hand ready!"

The fierce thoughts stirring within me must have roused my horse, for at that moment he tossed his head and neighed wildly. A response came like an echo from the glade, and the instant after, a voice called out:

"Hola! quién es?"

Concealment was no longer possible. I saw that I was observed; and, spurring my horse into the open ground, came face to face with Isolina.

I could not help thinking that these flowers are gilded with life, and enjoy, during their short and transient existence, both pleasure and pain. The bright warm sun is their happiness, while the cold cloudy sky is the reflection of their misery.

As I rode onward, another reflection passed through my mind; it was caused by my perceiving that the atmosphere was charged with pleasant perfumes—literally loaded with fragrance. I perceived, moreover, that the same breeze carried upon its breath the sweet music of birds, whose notes sounded clear, soft, and harmonious.

What closet-slanderer hath asserted that the flowers of this fair land are devoid of fragrance—that its birds, though brightly plumed, are songless?

Ah, Monsieur Button! with all your eloquence, such presumptuous assertion will one day strip you of half your fame. You could never have approached within two hundred paces of a *Stenocarpus*, of the *epidendrum adutum*, of the *duria grandiflora*, with its mantle of snow-white blossoms! You could never have passed near the *potosia* plant, the *serbera*, and *tabernanthe*, the *callas*, *eugenia*, *ocotilla*, and *nigella*!—you could never have ridden through a chapparal of *acacias* and *mimosas*—among orchids whose presence fills whole forests with fragrant aromas!

And more, Monsieur! you could never have listened to the incomparable melody of the mocking bird, the full, charming notes of the blue song-thrush—the sweet warbling voices of the *silvas*, *finches*, and *tanagers*, that not only adorn the American woods with their gorgeous colors, but make them vocal with never-ending song!

No, Monsieur; you could never have inhaled the perfume of these flowers, nor listed to the melody of these sweet songsters; and had it was of you, and silly as said, to have yielded to the prejudice of a slender spirit, and denied their existence. Both exist—the singing birds and the fragrant flowers—both exist, and thou art gone.

On such reflections I dwelt but for a moment; they were merely the natural impressions of surrounding objects—short-lived sensations, almost instantaneously passing away. The soul, beguiled with love, has neither eye nor ear for sight beyond the object of its passion. From the contemplation of that only does it derive pleasure; and even the fairest pictures of nature may be spread before it without challenging observation. It was only that the one through which I was passing was of such transcendent beauty—so like to some scene of paradise—that I could not help regarding it with momentary admiration.

But my eyes soon returned to the earth, and once more taking up the trace of the steed, I rode on.

I had advanced near the summit. The tracks were quite recent; the branches that had been touched by the flanks of the horse had not yet ceased to vibrare; the rider could not be far in advance.

Silently I pressed on, expecting every moment to catch the gleam of the scarlet manta, or the white sheen of the steed. A few paces farther, and both were under my eyes, glittering through the feathery frondage of the mimosa. I had followed the true track. The rider was Isolina.

I noticed that she had halted. She had reached the top of the hill, where the growth of timber ceased. An opening of about an acre there was, surrounded on all sides by the flowery woods, the *very beau-ideal* of a summer-glade. The open summit commanded a view of the surrounding country—for the hill was a high one—while the chinking spot itself enjoyed perfect privacy and repose.

In this glade, she had drawn up, and was sitting silently in the saddle as if to enjoy the warbling of birds, the hum of the bees, and the fragrance of flowers.

I myself drew rein, and remained for some moments in a state of hesitancy, as to whether I should ride forward or go back. A feeling of shame was upon me, and I believe I would have turned my horse and stolen gaily away, but just then I saw the fair rider draw forth from her bosom something that glittered in the sun. It seemed it some expression of boyish *esprit*, and without heeding it, rode on. Not until far out of sight and hearing did it occur to me that I knew the voice and the lad. I recollect a sort of errand-boy attached to the hacienda, and whom I had seen more than once at the rancheria. I now remembered the badmidge of Wheatley, and would have returned to question the youth; but I had left him too far in the rear. After a moment's reflection, I spurred on.

I soon arrived at the base of the hill on which stood the hacienda; and here, leaving the main road, I followed a bridge path that skirted the hill. A few hundred yards brought me to the spot where I had last observed the object of my pursuit. The hoof-track of the white horse now guided me, and upon the trail I entered the plot of the low trees, in the direction of the plain below.

These circumstances, trivial as they might appear, produced within me a quick sense of pain. I felt as if hot steel was passing through my heart. I had ridden to my ruin—I had followed to be present at an assignation. Thus only could I explain the solitary ride, and by such difficult and devious paths; thus only could I account for the oft-repeated anxious glance, the ear acutely bent. Beyond a doubt, she was listening for the footstep of a lover!

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON seldom indulged in a joke, or a sarcasm, but when he did, he always made a decided hit. During the debate on the establishment of the Federal Army, a member of

Congress offered a resolution limiting it to three thousand men, to which Washington suggested an amendment providing that *no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand soldiers*.

The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

THAT CURIOUS PEOPLE: THE ANTS.

Long before the real natural history of ants was

known, they did duty as models, examples, and illustrations for writers, both sacred and profane; often ignorantly, as in the ancient fable, which represented them as devoted to the science of political economy, and prefiguring the establishment of savings-banks; but always pleasantly—a pleasantness which a true knowledge of their world and ways only augments and heightens.

Of course every one knows how ants and bees are taken to represent the two great sects of human politicians; how republican is made to find its antitype in the formic community, and monarchy its exemplar in the apian kingdom. But concerning this same republicanism, we have a word to say, which perhaps may give a different formula to the constitution of some of the pictures, and destroy their claim to be considered as belonging to the Reds. Anyhow, it will be proved that their republicanism, if it exist at all, is of the Spartan and oligarchic character, and the furthest possible removed from any modern notions of socialism.

To begin with: Who, among the Red ants, are those four, or five, or eight, or ten ladies surrounded by guards and courtiers, who all reside together in the same large chamber, for all the world, like an Eastern harem, solely occupied with the cares of futurity and the hopes of maternity? Wherever one of these royal ladies turns, she is received with respect and obedience; her guards, or rather her court, leap and dance before her with their antennae, and talk to each other about her by means of the same organs. She is the centre of their world, the cynosure of their regards; and if you separate her from them, they soon form themselves into a dense body and enclose her in the midst. If you take her away altogether, they go mad outright. Their queens had once wings. One fine day they and their mates had flown off, parties of scouts and guards scoured the country for them—miles round, waiting until one or more of

Wit and Humor.

JOCULARITY MADE EASY.

It is with deep pain that we observe the difficulties under which many of our brethren of the press, young men at small parties, humorous clergymen, and others, who desire to be considered "genial" spirits, labor in order to win a reputation as wits, to enliven the column of wit and humor, an anniversary meeting, or an evening. Now, joking is perhaps one of the most easily acquired accomplishments in the world.—Of course, it has its rules and its figures, like rhetoric, logic, and other branches of belles lettres.

To approach the subject properly, we will begin with the beginning. The first and easiest form of joking is

TRANSPOSITION.

This consists in merely exchanging the first syllables or letters of a phrase. We know of one gentleman of our acquaintance, who has the reputation of a humorist, merely because he invariably calls for a scottle of botch ale, instead of a bottle of Scotch ale. We have reason to think that he is disgusted with the liquid, but he always drinks it when in company, for the sake of the joke. He may drink himself into a dropsey on it, but he has the fame of being a wit. Another friend has the Editor's Bureau of a dollar magazine to do, on the strength of having originated the amusing phrase—"dip of bitterness." So that there is both fame and money to be acquired through the medium of this species of wit. Variations of this form of jocularity may be indulged in to any extent desired by the aspirant for humorous honors. Thus they can sometimes be put in the form of conundrums. We give a few examples:

Con.—What is the difference between a late breakfast for two at a boarding house and a portmanteau?

Ans.—One is cold hash for two—the other is for to cold hash.

Con.—What is the difference between the Pope's barber and an insane circus rider?

Ans.—One is a shaving Roman and the other is a raving shaman.

Con.—What is the difference between an earnest clergyman at a camp-meeting and a glutinous man?

Ans.—One dies of sinner and the other sins of dinners.

Con.—What is the difference between the look out in the City Hall steeple and a schoolmaster's switch?

Ans.—One rings a bell and the other brings a yell.

(This is quite near enough to bring the usual round of applause and screams of laughter—though at first blush it may seem like a Jersey pearl—slightly imperfect.)

We will not proceed any further. We are sure, from the present examples, the student of the art may perfectly comprehend TRANSPOSITION, which at present is a most popular style of humor.

We may as well state here, that these remarks are condensed from a forthcoming work by Professor Kraatz, entitled "Joking, in Six Easy Lessons, for Beginners." It is now in press, and will be published as soon as the author can pay the printer's bill.—N. Y. Pic.

WHAT KEPT HORTY FROM CONFESSION.—"What may be the cause?" said an Irish curate to his parish clerk,—"what keeps Horthy O'Kegan from confession, an' from the church service, Peter Murphy?"

"A sad matter it is, your honor—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, onyhow."

"Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?"

"Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk.

"Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that," Peter, "exclaimed the pastor.

"Worse."

"An' what is the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister.

"By the powers an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received a specimen of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the site. The End."

Here is another:

ON THE SEASONS.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring best; but as for me give me liberty or give me death. The End."

Poor FELLOW.—Mr. George Washington Makeweight's moustache is no better than formerly, and on Wednesday night last received a terrible blow. He was passing the evening with a small family party, when a game of blind-man's buff was proposed, and freely entered into. At the end of the game, Mr. Makeweight's adored one, who was present, and had got her toilet decidedly disarranged, said to him laughingly—"Dear me—only see my hair! I declare, it is just like your moustache." "In what way?" asked Mr. Makeweight, proud she could recognize the existence of that feeble ornament. "Why," cruelly responded the fair one—"don't you see, it is all down?" Mr. Makeweight shaved his upper lip on Thursday morning.—N. Y. Pic.

A JOURNAL JUDGE.—At the winter assizes, at Chester, there was a noise in the passage occasioned by some ladies endeavoring to gain admission to the court.

Baron Alderson: "Let the passage be cleared. If I were a lady, I should have no desire to hear a man tried for his life; but that is a matter of taste. At any rate, if they want to gratify their curiosity, let them do so quietly."

The Usher: "But they can't do it, my lord." (Laughter.)

His Lordship: "I know they can't." (Re-echoed laughter.)—English Paper.

DOD'S NAME.—An extraordinary name was given to her dog by a lady in the far West.

"Moreover, moreover!" said she.

"Why, madam," said a traveler who happened to be at her cabin, "where did you get such a remarkable name?"

"The name's a Scripture name," replied the good dame.

"Will you please to tell me where you find it?" inquired the traveler.

"Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—Moreover, the dog—that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—Boston Courier.

Mrs. PARTINGTON'S OPINION ON A GEOLOGICAL POINT.—"What is the meaning of 'scratched gneiss?'" said Ike, stopping in the porch of Dr. Kane's work, as his eye was attracted by a picture of a rock thus indicated. The old lady had listened to some passages of the book, which he had read to her, with tearful interest. "It must be," said she, after a few moments reflection, "where they scratched 'em, in climbing up over the rocks." "Scratched what?" cried Ike, interrupting her. "Their knees," replied she. "Who said knees?" responded he slyly; "I said gneiss—g-n-e-i-s-a—what's that?" "I guess it means knees," said she, "the printer has spelt it wrong. It is strange what queer arrows they do make in printing. They were in their bare skins, you know, and got their knees scratched. How cold they must have been, to be sure." Ike turned to the picture of Accommodation and asked her if he was in his bare skin, emphasizing the word "bare," and asked her too if she had lived so long in the world and didn't know the difference between a bare skin and a bear skin. What knowledge the youngster evinced! He could show his grandmother how to suck eggs! Mrs. Partington looked gravely at him. "I could know very easily what a bare skin was," said she, "if I was to treat you as you deserve for your misrespect." Ike seemed penitent, and she gave him a three cent piece to save till he got enough to put into the Five Cent Savings Bank.

PHONOGRAPHIC.—The following is a stanza as pathetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert. Those familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance:

Hi lo-ho it, bi lo-ho it,
Ard oo sha-hall da-hare
To-ho chi-hi-hi-ho for lo-hoing
That o-ho-ho a-ham cha-ha?

Useful Receipts.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve flowers for a fortnight, but every day in summer or it will become offensive and unhealthy, even if there is salt in them.

TO KEEP FOWLS FREE OF VERMIN.—There are several kinds that infest the hen. By attending to the following remedy they will be entirely kept clear. First of all if in confinement in the dust corner of the poultry house mix about half a pound of black sulphur among the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites and will give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with insects damp the skin under the feathers with a little water; then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let a bird be covered with these insects, and they will disappear in the course of time.

I employed tobacco-water, also lime-water, under my hen's master's orders to no effect.

His absence I well damped him, and sprinkled him under the feathers with black sulphur, when next day they were examined by a microscope, and every one was dead.

Having had an ostrich under my care that was pining, when looking into its feathers I observed thousands of the parasites.

I employed tobacco-water, also lime-

water, under my hen's master's orders to no effect.

It is quite wonderful what a passion some men have for what they call prancing trees, and what I call murderizing them by inches. Only put a knife or saw into their hands, and a tree before them, and you will see that it is only because they were not born Caliphs of Bagdad, that their neighbors have any heads left on their shoulders. Gardeners from the "auld country"—especially all such as have served their time behind a wheelbarrow, are mighty fond of this sort of thing. One of these "gentlemen" was lopping off and utterly despoiling the natural ways of a fine Linden tree lately. When he was cross-questioned a little as to what he was about, ruining the tree in that manner, he replied, "Bliss yer soul! I'm only a littin' the hair intil it!" But, in fact, many a better gardener than this Paddy—many a man who has done as good things in the garden way in Great Britain, as can be done anywhere in the world—is placed in the same awkward fix when he comes into a country with a dry, hot climate like the United States. All his life long he has been busy learning how to "let the air in" to the top, and keep the wet away from the roots, till it is a second nature to him, and he finds it almost as impossible to adopt the contrary practice when he gets to America, as it is for a Polar bear to lay aside his long, white, fury coat, and walk about like a tropical gentleman in his natural nankin pantaloons and waist-coat. He cuts away at his trees to let in the sun, and raises up his flower beds to drain off the wet, and when it is just the very sun and drought that we have too much of. No man can be a good gardener who will not listen to reason, and in a country where nature evidently meant leaves for umbrellas, take care how you snap your fingers at her, by pruning without mercy, and "littin' the hair in!"

If you find some of your transplanted trees flagging, and looking as if they were going to say good-bye to you, don't imagine you can save them by pouring manure water about their roots. You might as well give a man nearly dead by feeding him with plum pudding as he could make a meal of it. The best thing you can do, is, first to reduce the top little more (of a good deal more if needful,) for the difficulty most probably is, that we have more top to exhaust than root to supply. Then loosen the soil, and water it if dry, and lastly, mulch the ground as far as the roots extend. This you may do by covering it with three or four inches of straw, litter, tan-bark, or something of that sort, so as to coat them into new growth. Watering a transplanted tree every day, and letting the surface dry hard with the sun and the wind, is too much like basting a joint of meat before the kitchen fire, to be looked upon as decent treatment for anything living. If your tree is something rare and curious, that you are afraid will die, and would not lose for the world, and that yet won't start out, in spite of all your wishes, syringe the bark once every night after sunset. This will freshen it, and make the dormant buds shoot out.

If you find any of your fruit trees barren, from too great running to wood, about the first of June is the time to shorten back the long shoots, and clip or pinch off the ends of the side shoots, so as to force the tree to expend its substance in making fruit buds, instead of wasting every bit of sap in overgrowth.

MAKE UP ARSENIC.—An English

Dean, named Nowell, who flourished in the turbulent reign of Queen Mary, was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with a bottle of the freshly drawn beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him that his life was in danger. He threw down his fishing rod, buried his bottle of ale in the grass, and fled. Afterwards reclaiming his bottle he found it at the touch, and the Dean was so delighted with the creamy condition of the ale that he took good care thereafter to be supplied with the same sort.

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DANGERS OF COPYING AFTER THE BEST OF PATTERNS.

MAMMA.—Now, you naughty boy, do you want to set yourself afire, playing with the tongs and poker?

IMITATIVE YOUTH.—Didn't you tell me always to do as Pop does? Pop stirs up the fire when it looks lazy.

Agricultural.

SEASONABLE HINTS BY DOWNING.

The late A. J. Downing, who was burnt up in the steamer "Henry Clay," on the Hudson, some four or five years ago, was the acknowledged king of horticulturists. The following advice from him is full of wisdom:

If you wish to raise the earliest vegetables, or get the best growth possible in an annual plant, be sure to use well-rotted manure. The chemists may say what they please about the loss of ammonia and the gases, and what they say about the actual waste in letting manure rot before using it, is true enough, doubtless; but, setting that aside, practice has told me, time and again, that I can get a crop of peas four or five days earlier than my neighbors, in the same soil, by using a manure a year old, and quite fine, when they use it almost as fresh as when it first comes from the stable. The fact is, fresh manure is like corned beef and cabbage—very hearty food, but requiring a strong stomach. Annuals of moderate growth, like something easier of digestion. As all old gardeners know by this constant trial, you can no more beat the value of rotted manure out of their heads than you can make an elder bush bear berries by scolding it.

It is quite wonderful what a passion some men have for what they call prancing trees, and what I call murderizing them by inches. Only put a knife or saw into their hands, and a tree before them, and you will see that it is only because they were not born Caliphs of Bagdad, that their neighbors have any heads left on their shoulders.

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